

THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXII

SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL. JULY 17, 1912.

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

SUPLIANTS AT THY GATE

The hours bring nothing in their hands;
A silent suppliant at thy gate,
Each one for its brief life-time stands---
Thou art its maker and its fate.

—PERCY C. AINSWORTH

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, \$1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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STRIFE AMONG SOCIALISTS

At the recent national convention at Indianapolis the conservative wing of the Socialist party secured the adoption of the following plank:

"Any member of the party who opposes political action or advocates crime, sabotage, and other methods of violence as a weapon of the working class, to aid in its emancipation, shall be expelled from membership in the party. Political action shall be construed to mean participation in elections for public office and practical legislative and administrative work along lines of the Socialist party platform."

There was heated discussion and strong opposition to the proposition, but it was finally adopted by a vote of 135 for to 86 against.

This, it seems however, is not to be allowed to settle the question as to whether such means as are herein condemned are not to be resorted to, inasmuch as a referendum is now in progress to determine which faction of the party is to control.

To Eugene V. Debs, the man who for the fourth time leads his party in its national campaign this plank is satisfactory not because he doesn't believe in sabotage and all kind of direct action, but because he doesn't think it good policy to use such methods. If they would win he would favor their use. He has declared. Mr. Debs is for anything that will win, that will enthrone socialism. Like many of the American socialist Debs is also an Industrial Worker of the World. It was he who wrote an article when Haywood and Moyer and Pettibone were on trial on charge of the murder of Ex-Gov. Steunenberg calling for men to band themselves together to march to Idaho and rescue the three men while the trial was in progress. Debs was the leader in the Socialist program a few years ago to found in the State of Washington a Socialist community which would in a short time seize the state government and proceed to revolutionize the social and economic system. When this was done in Washington the next step in the scheme was to seize on other commonwealths until every one had been thus revolutionized. Dr. John Rae says in his book, "Contemporary Socialism": "The scheme never

got beyond the enlistment of recruits to the number of about 25,000. It fell through from legal obstacles, and partly from lack of funds; but it is not abandoned."

Although Debs is less impetuous than he was ten years ago he is still regarded as a fire-brand. He is quoted as saying not long ago that he sometimes thinks ha he is destined to do "some wild and foolish and useless thing." And it may be that he will do it, inasmuch as he regards John Brown as the greatest character in American history.

Now that syndicalism is, through the Industrial Workers of the World, a force to be reckoned with, and is making large inroad into Socialism, the wonder is how long Mr. Debs will continue to think sabotage, etc., not good policy.

Seidel, the Milwaukee mayor and vice-presidential nominee, said not long ago: Socialists may be dreamers, but they are not anarchists. They dream of a day when poverty and degradation will be no more, but they do not believe in violence. They are striving to awaken the conscience and true wisdom of the people through the avenues of peace." But there are socialists and socialists—a great variety. The referendum that is being taken will tell more than any individual opinions.

A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY FACULTY DISMISSED.

A few weeks ago the trustees of Berkeley Bible Seminary met in Oakland and after considerable discussion adopted a resolution which according to a statement in The Christian Evangelist virtually dismissed the entire faculty of the institution.

We quote so as to be accurate:

"The vote on the resolution stood five to two in favor of dismissal. The men affected by this action are Dean H. H. Guy, Prof. Walter Stairs, Dr. H. O. Breeden, and Dr. W. P. Bentley. The two latter have sustained only a nominal relation to the Seminary, and hence are not directly affected by the action of the trustees.

"The contract with these men will be terminated August 1. The resolution sets forth that the dismissal is for financial and other reasons. What is included in the words 'other reasons' is said by one member of the board of trustees to relate to an alleged sympathy with the open membership plan of the Berkeley church.

"Friends of the institution have heretofore supposed it was in pretty fair condition financially; but now it appears it has been running behind for years. During the past three years pledges and subscriptions aggregating \$20,000 have been secured, but so far only about \$1,000 cash has actually been realized on them.

"The institution has an endowment, exclusive of these pledges, aggregating thirty or forty thousand dollars. But the income from the endowment is nowhere near sufficient to defray the expenses of operation, and for the past three years very little cash has been received in pledges.

"In view of this growing deficit it has been necessary to use about \$13,000 of the endowment funds for operating expenses during the past three years. The salaries of members of the faculty, as well as that of President McAneney, have been paid regularly and in full; but to do this it has been necessary to use a goodly part of the regular endowment funds, which it is hoped to restore if the pledges aggregating something like \$20,000 are collected."

At the time of the dismissal of the faculty it was the intention of the trustees to elect another the following week. But later it was concluded that nothing definite could be done until the State Convention of "Christian" churches which meets this week at Santa Cruz had named trustees to

take the place of those whose terms are about to expire.

Thus has another chapter been written in the campaign which was begun in the First "Christian" Church of Berkeley to broaden it and leaven the denomination by receiving to membership by letter unimmersed believers. The dean of the seminary, a member of the church, took advanced ground, and one other professor at least was known to be in sympathy with the idea although of the opinion that the time was not ripe for it. They have had to go. And it is not unlikely that the seminary will in the near future be moved to Southern California, in order that young men studying for the ministry may not come under the influence of the advanced sentiment in the First "Christian" Church of Berkeley.

Dean Guy will enter the faculty of Pacific Theological Seminary, his salary being provided in part by Pacific Seminary and in part by a member of the "Christian" Church, who stands for this progressive idea. Only the question of financing it stands in the way of another accession from the same source. What numbers and strength the progressives can muster is a matter for the future to show. Doubtless there will be some interesting and perhaps enlightening discussion over this trend in some of the churches at the State Convention this week.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF

The new pipe organ of Plymouth Church, Seattle, cost \$18,000.

Ritzville, Washington, has a German Russian Congregational Church.

Governor West of Oregon attributes most of the crime of that state to the liquor business.

The First Methodist Church of Hollywood, California, organized two years ago, has a membership of 600.

An effort is being made to unite the English and German speaking Congregational churches of Endicott, Washington.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Seattle has \$250,000 pledged for a building and is at work raising \$50,000 additional.

Work will begin soon on the new buildings for Occidental College, at Eagle Rock, near Los Angeles. Three buildings will be put up at once at a cost of \$250,000.

The 50th anniversary of the founding of the Anglican Church in the Hawaiian Islands was celebrated a few weeks ago. It was the 10th anniversary of American jurisdiction.

Miss Mary Ledgard, who goes from Los Angeles to Foochow, China, to take the principalship of the Foochow Kindergarten gave up a \$2000 position for a \$600 one. She says she goes to China for life.

During the last ten years the Episcopal Church has built more than fifty churches in Idaho. The churches are giving for missions ten times as much as they gave ten years ago, and in the self-supporting fields the offerings have increased seven fold.

The pastor-elect of Pilgrim Congregational Church, Seattle, is a graduate of Whitman College and of Yale Divinity School. He is a native of Washington, born at Dayton. Last summer Mr. Brown occupied the pulpit of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Seattle, for two months.

The Pacific German Congregational Conference covers the states of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho and Western Canada. In the last three years the number of churches has increased from 23 to 37. Twenty two are in Washington. Nearly three fourths of these are in the "Big Bend Country," westward from Spokane.

A recent calendar of the First Congregational Church of Oakland contained these words concerning The Pacific: "Our church ought to have 300 households where this excellent paper makes its weekly visit. We need it for our own religious information, and we should support it for the good it does throughout the Pacific Coast States."

A campaign is to be started to secure additional endowment for Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon, to the amount of \$200,000. The Oregonian of recent date remarks: "Pacific University has had a long, useful and worthy career. It numbers among its alumni many of the foremost citizens of the Northwest. It has friends everywhere."

Within eight blocks of a Congregational Church in one of our Pacific Coast cities are seventeen other churches. Only seven of these are Protestant churches; but the fact that ten are other than Protestant shows that there is not working room there for seven Protestant churches. No wonder that the pastor is asking what the harvest will be from all his earnest endeavor. O, the unwisdom of unfederated church work!

The minister who supplied a California church for two Sundays and who told the people they ought to call a three thousand dollar man gave snap judgment. He knew not the financial ability of the church members, and was utterly wrong in his estimate as to what a man of drawing power could accomplish in that community. There is an old saying, "First catch your hare, before you cook it." If there are no people to draw from, drawing power will not effect anything.

The Rev. Dr. Matthews of the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle says that the moral sentiment of that city is a thousand times better than it was fifteen years ago. As to the churches he says that they are strong and prosperous; the evangelistic spirit prominent and active, and that the future will witness large spiritual results. He believes that Seattle is destined to be the center of world events, a gate for the golden commerce of the world and a ground of arbitration between great nations.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph K. Greene, the veteran missionary who has brought inspiring messages to many of our California churches during the last few weeks, will speak in the First Congregational Church of Tacoma on Sunday, July the 28th. On the 4th of August he will be with the Sunnyside Church of Portland; August the 11th with Plymouth Church, Seattle; and on the 18th of August with the First Church of Portland. While in Oregon and Washington Dr. Greene will be glad to give addresses at the mid-week meetings. He will be in San Francisco until Thursday of next week, and can be reached by letter in care of Dr. Tenney of the American Board; and thereafter in care of the pastors of the churches herein named.

We are too much haunted by ourselves; we project the central shadow of ourselves on everything around us.

—F. W. Robertson.

A GREAT LOSS EDUCATIONALLY.

In the death of Professor George D. Castor of Pacific Theological Seminary, by drowning, in the river near Kelseyville, in Lake county, the Pacific Coast loses a man of prominence in the religious and educational world, and one whose life thus far gave promise of much larger usefulness and influence in the future.

Going to bathe in the river last Sunday evening, near to the spot where he and Mrs. Castor were encamped on a vacation, he was seen by the latter, who was on the shore near by, to throw up his hands as if in pain or distress and to sink in the water, which at that point was eight or ten feet deep. By the time help had been secured and he had been taken to the shore fifteen or twenty minutes had elapsed. Though still alive it was found impossible to resuscitate him although all possible means were used by a physician who was near at hand.

A telegram coming to President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary about midnight he took the train for Hopland Monday morning where he was met by Mrs. Castor with the body which was brought to Berkeley. Services were being held in the First Congregational Church this afternoon as the Pacific was going to press, some account of which will be given next week along with words of appreciation by some of those who stood in close relation to Professor Castor.

The body is to be taken by Mrs. Castor at once to Kansas City for interment, that being the home of his parents.

Dr. Castor was a graduate of Drury College and of Yale Divinity School. After graduation at New Haven he was for some time Director of Religious Education of the federated churches of that city. In 1907 he came to Berkeley to take the chair of New Testament Literature and Exegesis in Pacific Theological Seminary, where by his scholarly attainments and genial nature and ways he won all with whom he came in contact. With a desire to make their lives count as widely as possible for good Mr. and Mrs. Castor had rooms for one year in the social settlement building of the Green Street Church, San Francisco, and gave themselves to the work there in ways manifold. The few years of Professor Castor's life in California will be remembered ever by all with whom he had to do, and hearts everywhere hereabouts are going out now in tenderness and sympathy for the wife and helpmeet so sadly bereaved.

SIX YEARS OF HAPPINESS.

Happiness seems to abide yet in the home of Takeshi Kanno, the Japanese philosopher and poet, and Gertrude Boyle, the talented sculptor, who were married about six years ago.

An Oakland Tribune representative found Mrs. Kanno recently sitting on the porch of their quaint little home on the heights a short distance above Joaquin Miller's home. She was mending an old coat.

"It used to be Joaquin's coat," she said, simply; "he wore it in the Orient when he was a war correspondent for the San Francisco papers during the Chinese war. It is still serviceable and Mr. Kanno likes to wear it, so I am patching the rough edges."

It was a khaki coat much the worse for wear.

For six years Gertrude Boyle and her brown-skinned husband have occupied this little match-box of a place in the upper gallery of "The Heights." The world has wondered and wagged its head dubiously and the public press has prophesied a disillusionment to come, but yesterday afternoon there was no evidence of unhappiness. Mr. and Mrs. Kanno sat together in the shade of the trees outside

their nest and talked of each other's art and successes and hopes.

"Help me move this table, dear," she said, and her husband sprang to aid her.

There are but four small rooms in the tiny home. A living room, with burlapped ceiling and walls and a floor hidden under Navajo rugs, a kitchen, bedroom and a workshop, where two busts, among many others attract instant attention.

"This one," explained Mrs. Kanno, "is of Joaquin as I caught his expression one day when he was fighting a fire in the hills."

The face was full of power, force, splendid aggression and defiance, with glaring eyes and distended nostrils. Close by stood the other bust, a likeness of her husband.

"I felt," said the sculptor, "as though I needed something to balance my work, so that I portrayed here repose, reservation. I worked at both at the same time."

She is now at work on a bust of Susan Mills, and has just completed an excellent likeness of the late William Keith, the California landscape artist.

Kanno himself is at work on what he regards as his life accomplishment, a poetic drama entitled "The Dawn of Creation." The piece is a sort of allegory, now consisting of three acts, but it may be extended for several others. Kanno hopes soon to have it published and set to music. It will then be chanted in public, possibly by the author at its first presentations. The drama is representative of Kanno's philosophy and ideas.

WHAT THE VOTERS OF OREGON HAVE TO CONSIDER.

The list of measures on which the people of Oregon will have to vote this fall is not yet complete. But this is the way it stood a few weeks ago:

New constitution abolishing the present state and county government and substituting an entirely new form, with governor and cabinet, one legislative body and state and county business managers.

Single tax (state).

Single tax (county).

Abolishing single tax (state).

Two other tax measures (submitted by the state legislature).

Four bills from the state tax commission, including income tax, exemption of household furniture, exempting mortgages and credits and revising inheritance tax.

Public service commission.

Road bonds (\$10,000,000 in 10 years at rate of \$1,000,000 a year).

Five other road bills (proposed by "harmony" commission).

Two opposing road bills (proposed by state grange).

Creating commission to revise judicial system.

Creating commission to revise tax laws.

Abolishing capital punishment.

Minimum wage for all industries.

Eight-hour day.

Workmen's compensation act (proposed by employers).

Workmen's compensation act (proposed by state federation of labor).

"Blue-sky" law, controlling stock issues of corporations.

Organization of new counties and consolidation of municipalities.

Millage tax for state university and Oregon agricultural college and creating single board of regents.

Woman suffrage.

A NEW PLAN OF GOVERNMENT PROPOSED FOR OREGON.

A Salem correspondent writes as follows:

"It is a remarkable plan of government that has been evolved by the People's Power League for presentation to the people at the coming state election under the initiative. Its intent is to have all the votes cast in any election represented in the legislative assembly by proxy members whose voting power in that body shall be gauged by the number of electors who voted for them. Thus a popular man who might have polled 25,000 votes in an election will be able to overcome two members of the legislative body who might have polled only 12,000 each.

"The new system is the product of W. S. U'Ren and other reformers who for the last decade have been upsetting political conditions in Oregon, and is intended to complete the revolution which began with the popular choice of United States Senators, has brought the initiative and referendum and may bring the single tax and other nostrums for the ills of the body politic. These men have been working on the idea for years, and have sought counsel with other economic reformers both in the United States and Europe. They believe they have made improvements on anything ever before offered, and that popular government will be a reality if their idea is adopted. Their initiative petition is now being signed by the members of various organizations created to carry out their reforms, and the proposed revolution is likely to overshadow even the Presidential fight in the coming canvass.

"Under the plan the State Senate will be abolished and the legislative power of the State, aside from that exercised by the people directly, will be vested in an assembly of sixty members, whose terms will be four years. They are to be chosen first in 1914. The State is to be divided into districts, as at present. The members are to receive \$3 a day and 15 cents mileage, but their regular sessions each year are to be limited to forty days, and special sessions to be called by the Governor cannot run more than twenty days.

"The plan is not fully worked out in the constitutional amendment as drafted, details being left to the lawmakers. This general provision for representation of all the voters is made:

"Representatives in the Legislative Assembly shall be chosen by the legal voters of such method of proportional representation of all the voters that as nearly as practicable any one-sixtieth of all the voters of the State voting for one person for Representative shall insure his election."

"Then comes a provision which will make it possible for minorities to be represented. A voter in any of the districts may cast his ballot for a local candidate for the assembly or for any candidate in any of the other districts in the State by writing in the name. Thus the Prohibitionists, Socialists, or any other small organization might unite their strength and have all their ballots through the State cast for one or two men in a certain district. Should such a candidate receive one-sixtieth of the total vote, he would be entitled to a seat. How this method can be worked out so that it will not bring confusion and will permit the various districts to have their full representation has not been revealed as yet.

"Now comes the proxy idea. It is provided that on any roll call in the legislative Assembly a member is to cast for against the measure the total number of votes he received at the polls. Thus, a Socialist or Prohibitionist would be able to cast the full strength of his party, even

though only one might be elected. A majority of all the votes cast at the last preceding election will be necessary to pass the measure, and three-fourths for any emergency measure.

"In order to make certain that all citizens shall be represented, a provision is included for representation of those who voted for candidates who were defeated. The Governor and his defeated rivals are to be made ex-officio members of the Assembly, and this provision is made:

"Every such ex-officio member is the proxy in the Legislative Assembly for the total number of electors in the State who voted for unsuccessful candidates of his party for representative in the Legislative Assembly, and every such ex-officio member shall cast that number of votes for or against any measure on any roll call."

"The Governor is to be the only member who can introduce appropriation bills, except those that are to be submitted to the voters. The Assembly will be forbidden to increase any proposed appropriation, but may cut down any it sees fit. The Assembly will be forbidden to create any commission to prepare or propose legislation under the initiative or to defray the cost of preparing petitions under the initiative or referendum. The presiding officer is not to be a member of the body and will not be empowered to appoint committees.

"Home rule is provided by the extension of the initiative and referendum to municipalities and counties. All localities will pass upon purely local issues, including even the creation of new counties. This latter provision is believed to be intended to permit the popular rulers to cut off certain sections where they are now in the minority."

THE GOVERNMENT'S GREAT REAL ESTATE SPECULATION.

Speaking before the House of Representatives recently in favor of a bill to create a Legislature for Alaska, Congressman Jefferson M. Levy cited the purchase of the Northern territory as one of the greatest real estate speculations on record.

Alaska was purchased from the Russian Government by the United States in 1867 for \$7,200,000, and since that time has netted a return of \$410,824,310, according to Congressman Levy's figures.

Concerning the territory Mr. Levy had this to say: "It is impossible for us even to more than faintly estimate the splendid future possibilities of the Alaskan wonderland. But this wonderland has been so crippled and hampered in its efforts for progress and industrial development by the restrictions placed upon enterprises by a mistaken policy, that its development will not only be retarded, but absolutely stopped unless our policy is changed. In the meantime, in Canada there has been marvelous progress. Locomotives by the hundreds and cars by the thousands are being bought and paid for by a traffic, a large part of which is diverted from railways of our own.

"Under ordinary circumstances I would not go so far as to advocate subsidies to the railroads as the Canadian government does, excepting in the case of Alaska, and in this case the Government simply must do something, for the activities of the inter-State Commerce Commission and the extreme conservation policies of our own Government have made it utterly impossible for private enterprise to construct or operate the railroads without which Alaska's further progress will be entirely stopped.

"The tremendous resources of Alaska and the wonderful return on the investment are shown by the following bal-

ance sheet of the United States in account with Alaska from 1867 to 1911:

Production.

Minerals—

Gold	\$195,916,520.00
Silver	1,500,441.00
Copper	8,237,594.00
Gypsum	547,345.00
Marble	185,443.00
Tin	88,062.00
Coal	338,189.00

Seal and fur products—

Fur-seal skins	51,835,143.00
Aquatic furs, except seals	12,496,063.00
Furs of land animals	8,350,290.00
Walrus products	368,053.00
Whalebone	1,707,410.00
Fishery products	147,953,077.00
Total Cash receipts	17,117,354.79

Total\$446,640,984.79

Total Cash Disbursements.

Original purchase price	\$ 7,200,000.00
Treasury, 1867-1911	23,158,126.06
Post Office, 1867-1911	5,458,548.19

Total\$ 35,816,674.25

To balance due Alaska 410,824,310.54

Total\$446,640,984.79..

"The cash price paid to Russia by the United States for Alaska, added to all the moneys expended by the Government of the United States from 1867 to 1911, makes the full amount that this country has paid for all items of Governmental expenses only \$35,816,674.25, and that leaves a difference between the productions of Alaska and the amount the United States has expended thereon of \$410,824,310.54.

"On the other side of the ocean a population of 10,000,000 people is supported north of the sixtieth degree, where the agricultural area is no greater than that of Alaska and the value of mineral deposits enormously less, while Alaska has but a population of 30,000.

Resources of Alaska.

"Nine out of ten people imagine that Alaska is nothing but a frozen gold mine. They do not realize that the gold-mining resources of Alaska, great as they are, constitute only a small part of its great wealth.

"It has 599,446 square miles of territory, and is one-fifth the size of the entire United States. The fisheries of Alaska, when they are properly developed, will supply for many years to come the entire United States with sea food. In the valleys of Southwestern Alaska there are thousands of acres of land where cattle can graze throughout the entire year without any protection from the weather, and with proper encouragement and protection for a return on investment, it is easy to see that the development of the cattle industry in Alaska would go a long way toward helping the vexed and vexing question of the high cost of living.

"In fact, Alaska is destined to be not only a mining and fishing country, but a country filled with homes of prosperous and happy American citizens. There is hardly a field of human endeavor, commercial, mining, and industrial, which will not be able in the future to find accommodation in Alaska, and a section of the country which has given such a bountiful return in the past and holds such golden prom-

ise for the future is entitled to the best treatment that an enlightened Government can give. Not alone the sturdy adventures who have planted American sentiment, American energy, and American progress on this imperial domain of the Northwest will thank us, but unborn generations of men in years that are still in the dim and distant future will, when they look back at the history of what will then be the state or states of Alaska and see her silver star in its place in the blue union, have the same cause to bless and cherish the memory of those of us who have helped to make Alaska great, as we in these older states of ours to-day bless and cherish the memories of the fathers of our country who have made these United States the greatest country in the world."

CHARLES R. BROWN AT MOUNT HOLYOKE.

The commencement day address at Mt. Holyoke College this year was given by Charles R. Brown, the dean of Yale Divinity School. President Wooley in introducing him said: "The college is to enjoy a special pleasure in listening to the address to-day because of the speaker's peculiar associations with Mount Holyoke. Over on the Pacific Coast an aged woman, one of Mary Lyon's girls, is turning her thoughts to us to-day. Mrs. Susan E. Mills with her husband founded Mills College and until two or three years ago was its president. For fourteen years the speaker of the morning was a member of the board of trustees and for ten years he was president of the board, so that Mount Holyoke feels in justice she may claim him as her son."

Mr. Brown's subject was, "The Scholar in the Community." In the course of his address he said:

There are men and women to whom knowledge is always a statement to be printed in a book or to be acquired in order to secure safety in a final examination. To others knowledge is always a tool, whose uses are to be mastered,—to dig, to build, to lead, to teach, to nurse—for financial return. To still others knowledge is a picture to be framed, put on the wall and admired. The abstract, commercial and decorative idea each has its place with us, but each fails to score because it deals only with decorative aims.

The primary office of knowledge is to make men and women alive and useful. The great task of education is to send them out alive at more points and alive on higher levels, useful along more lines and in more efficient fashion. The terms academic and ecclesiastical are commonly uttered by the world at large as terms of reproach. The church and the school are thoroughly respectable institutions, but those two adjectives are not held in high esteem. May it not be for the reason that what had been taught sometimes from the chair or from the pulpit has failed to relate itself in direct and helpful fashion to life? The community, therefore, has fallen into the way of stamping much of our output as dry and fruitless.

We are giving the best seats in the synagogue these days to original research and to independent investigation. This is highly desirable on the campus and elsewhere. But the original research must look toward something of worth. If some student, possessed of the spirit of that German scholar who regretted on his death bed that he had not given his entire life to the study of the dative case, should undertake to count the number of semicolons in the Bible or the number of commas in the Britannica Encyclopedia, or the number of hairs on the back of a maltese cat, he

would be engaged in "original research." He would be acting upon his own "spirit of initiative." And when he had finished, if his count was accurate, he would be in possession of some first-hand knowledge which no one in this learned assembly or in any other learned assembly could claim. And the community would look at his semicolons and laugh again at the futility of some of our academic performances.

Knowledge is power only when it is in process of being wrought out in terms of action. The only differences worth talking about are those which make a difference in human life. The possession of technical training has value only where it renders the individual more serviceable as he relates himself to the vital interests of the race.

So far I have spoken generally, but there are more specific things which relate themselves to the facts of life. The scholar goes out into the community with certain standards and ideals not possessed by the untrained mind; he knows other values than those listed in the cashbook; he is not content to have all things measured by the yardstick. It is not so much a question of eyesight with him as of insight. In the problems of social and economic betterment, those who see the outside needs, rather than the deeper needs, do only a superficial work in attempting to become reformers. The trained mind uses its own standards and ideals in a more fundamental and vital fashion.

The second contribution is in the possibility of competent leadership. Almost anyone can go into a community and arouse sympathetic impulse, but directing that impulse is another matter. Here is the opportunity for the trained mind. We have heard enough of the literature of exposure and of the language of denunciation. The time has come not to look or to stand amazed, but to act along lines which will bring about at last a solution. What shall it profit a man or a woman to see great visions or to read great books, to have the mind stretched by massive truths and the heart stirred by noble appeals, unless as the result of it all he goes forth to accomplish something on a higher level of action. "If ye know these things, happy are ye, if ye do them." "Is the service over?" a man once asked another, as he was going out of church. "No," was the reply, "this is just the beginning. The minister has said it, we have seen it, and now we are going out to do it." If anyone asks you if your education is finished say, "No,—it has just begun. The teachers have said it and now we are going out to do it." If this is indeed commencement day in the sense that you stand ready to relate your training to the great tasks now open to educated womanhood in all this land, then you may indeed regard it as an hour of the highest privilege.

CATHOLIC, PROTESTANT, AND JEW CO-OPERATE IN HUMANE SOCIETY WORK.

A notable and encouraging piece of philanthropic work has been undertaken in Cleveland. For some years the Cleveland humane society, which was founded in 1873, has done a social work of unusually broad scope for such an organization, and as an addition to its other activities has lately established a "Home finding and placing agency."

The Springfield, Massachusetts, Republican remarks: "This appears to be the first instance in the United States where a central agency has been established to provide homes for orphan or otherwise homeless children of all religious beliefs as a combined movement on the part of Roman Catholic, Protestant and Jewish bodies. According

to the humane society's bulletin, every institution and every charitable organization in Cleveland is co-operating with enthusiasm and good will.

"This agency is to find homes for children, to place them and to follow them up. Each child is to be located in a home professing the religion of the child's parents. The home will be investigated by the agents of the society, and their findings or recommendations placed before the general agent and recommended or rejected by him, according to their merits. Two women are now actively at work, one finding homes for Protestant children and the other for those who are Catholics, while a Jewish agent is to be immediately employed for Jewish children. It is added that the established Catholic institutions of Cleveland will seek homes for their children through the agency.

"As a piece of philanthropic work this is interesting and valuable. But as an example of co-operation, not only between different religious bodies, but apparently all religious bodies, in one of the great cities, it is doubly significant and encouraging. One of the strongest indictments which have been brought against home missionary and much charitable work has been the waste of effort, resources and influence through the doubling and redoubling of different sects in the same field, which in a certain degree have defeated each other's efforts. The example of co-operation presented in Cleveland may well have results reaching far beyond the immediate purposes of this central agency, laudable as these are."

OUR DISTINCTIVE PLEA.

James M. Campbell.

Dr. Harnack puts first among the features which he assigns to the primitive Christian society "the recognition of Christ as living Lord." He maintains, and rightly so, that this was the bond that bound the members of that society together. Loyalty to a common Master, personal and absolute surrender to his authority, was the one thing regarded as essential to discipleship. They called no man master; for One was their Master, even Christ. His will was supreme, His word was final, from His lips they received the love of their lives.

For this fundamental truth Congregationalists have always stood. Their original declaration was "that Jesus Christ is the only head of the Church, and the Word of God its only statute book." But while they have never withdrawn from this position, they have not always been true to it. They have often forgotten their heritage; their testimony has often been lukewarm,—with the result that their denominational consciousness has often been well nigh lost.

The prevailing idea touching our denominational position is that it consists in the assertion of the independence of the local Church; that is, the right of the local Church, as a separate household of faith, to manage its own affairs, without the interference of pope, or bishop, or presbytery. But that is only a very small part of Congregationalism; and it is by no means the most vital thing about it. The vital thing is its acknowledgment of the Headship of Christ; its acceptance of Him as the unseen but actual ruler and leader of His Church. It looks upon the substitution of temporal headship for spiritual headship as the great apostacy; and holds that the Church, in order to come to her place of power, must again lean upon her invisible Head, trust Him utterly, and follow Him in all things without wavering.

It is not claimed that Congregationalists have any monopoly of the doctrine of Christ's Lordship; but it is a simple matter of history that it was this truth that gave their movement birth; and that from it has come whatever measure of propagating power they have possessed. When their hold upon it has grown feeble, and their testimony regarding it has grown dim, they have become like a scattered army without a rallying centre, and their power of conquest has declined.

In the present day, when emphasis of this central doctrine of our common faith is so sorely needed, there is an urgent call for us as a denomination, to nail it to the mast-head as our distinctive banner.

In the first place, it ought to occupy a more prominent position in our declarations of faith. Many of our modern church creeds are washed-out affairs. They are largely ethical. They could readily have been assented to by Socrates, Epictetus, or any other advanced pagan. A Christian creed, when true to its name, is a creed in which Christ is central; a creed whose every statement radiates from Him; a creed that rings true to the doctrine of His Lordship, and enthrones him before the world as Lord of all.

That it should occupy a more prominent place in our teaching and preaching goes without the saying. And there is nothing within the whole circle of truth that will meet the need of the present day at the point of its greatest weakness. For what today is weaker than the sense of authority? The young scarcely possess it. Even Christian people, who theoretically acknowledge Christ's authority, fail in many things to submit to it. They take the disposal of their lives into their own hands. They refuse to give him supreme control over their pleasures, their business, their money, their time—their entire lives. While professing entire submission, they keep back part of the price.

Now, the Lordship of Christ implies his supreme authority. Other authority is subordinate. His is the highest of all; other authority is limited, His is absolute. It reaches to every action, it embraces all life's relationships. He is Lord of the conscience, sovereign of the soul. His word is the end of all controversy, the end of all opposition. To Him we are to yield unqualified obedience. He is the central sun around which all lives are to revolve. And to no better, nobler task, can any Church address itself than the re-enforcement of this mighty truth, which is the vital core of our common Christianity.

It was the contention of Dr. R. W. Dale that this truth which forms the fundamental principle of the Congregational brotherhood; to wit, the truth that Christ is the invisible head of the Church to whom every believer is united; the invisible ruler of the Church to whom every believer is in subjection, is founded upon the evangelical faith expressed in the words of Paul, "That Christ died for our sins, and rose again, according to the Scriptures." It is because Christ died for our sins, and rose again for our justification, that we open our hearts to His love, and bend our wills to His sway. His is a new form of sovereignty. As "the Lamb in the midst of the throne," he occupies the supreme place of moral power. As Saviour of all he is Lord of all. As Lord of all he is Lord of death. A dead man could never become sovereign Lord. Only the living Christ, the conqueror of death, the Lord of life, could be exalted to the right hand of God; and become the arbiter of destinies, and the King of the ages.

To the benign yoke of this King every neck should

freely bow. No liberty is to be claimed save under Him. The passion for liberty must not blind us to the recognition of His supreme authority. Liberty of conscience must not be interpreted as liberty to have our own way, but as liberty to act in His way. His authority over us being absolute, we are free to do only what He would have us do. In His presence we are to stand alone—as the soldier in the tent of his general, or the general in the audience chamber of his king—and everything that He says we are to do, and be obedient.

When the noble four hundred Scotch ministers, surrendering their livings, marched out of the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, taking as their watchword "the crown rights of Jesus Christ," and reaffirming the original position of the Scotch Church that "the Church of Christ is spiritual, not having a temporal head on earth, but only Christ, 'the one King and Governor' of His Church," they kindled a fire of evangelical zeal in Scotland which by God's grace burns until this day. This truth for which they so heroically stood, is the truth to which the Church of today is called specially to testify; and to that branch of the Church whose testimony is brightest will be given the greatest measure of the power of conquest.

SMALL CHURCHES AND MORE OF THEM!

I believe in small churches, and I believe in great ones and more of these. I believe that small churches should desire to grow larger and thus to be small churches no more. Many Christian colleges—our own Pomona among them—have much to say in their appeals for aid, of the advantages to be found in small colleges, but Pomona's recent graduating class was larger than those of Harvard were when I won my diploma at Bowdoin, and we are not sorry to see it grow till it can plead no longer the advantage it has for its students as being a small college. And yet those advantages are real, and are even great. And so are the advantages of a small church. I was conducting the services in a church of that sort quite recently. It was a vacation Sunday and the audience never large, seldom, I suppose, exceeding fifty, was small indeed; even the choir was absent at the morning service though on hand in the evening. But those services left recollections with me so pleasant that I can never let them fade. It is a comparatively young church, but those who seemed to be its staunch and joyous workers were, most of them, its own children,—who had come up into Christian life through its Sunday school and who but for it might, perhaps, have been far from God today. One of these said to me when the day's duty was fulfilled, "I like a small church. I live now where it would be more convenient for me to attend a large one, but I would rather come here." And I said in my heart, "God bless you."

The small church is the germ of the large one. We Congregationalists have no strong church in California, that was not once weak and small. I know of no small church that worships in a ruder, or more ill-provided meeting house than that was in which, to our mother church, I preached for the first time in California. But that day of small things was not one to be despised.

In a large university there cannot be that close class fellowship, that intimate acquaintanceship, that lively esprit du corps that we find in a good small college. In a class numbering 1000 it is scarcely possible for the classmates to have even a bowing acquaintanceship each with all the

others, and in a church of 2000 members the same thing must be true. But in the small church of which I have spoken the fellowship was close; each member with every other. If the small church has any members who are such only because their names are upon the roll, somebody is badly to be blamed; they themselves certainly are, and perhaps the pastor and brethren who received them. For there certainly is work for every member, and it cannot be hard to find it. We have in San Francisco a Japanese church which from the point of view of its roll, is certainly small; but in two instances when I have visited that church, a young member of it who speaks English well, has insisted upon accompanying me to the street-car; and each time has said with emphasis: "Every member of our church is an active member." I wonder if there is a large church anywhere, of which this can be truly said. I wonder whether if this small church should become large, this would still be true of it.

How are we to get large churches, unless it be by nursing into size and strength those that are born small. It has been proposed to do this by uniting the small ones into one large one. But this is more easily said than done. Suppose you try it with the smaller Congregational churches of San Francisco; those who know their respective locations can see that this is impracticable. Take Ocean View, Park, Richmond, Bethlehem, Mayflower, Sunset—the entire membership of all these would scarcely make one strong church as such churches are now counted. Where would you find a location convenient for all these Christian people, and how could you bring them to combine? These questions suggest their own answers. There is only one way to get rid of small churches and that is to kill time. And even this is not an easy job. There was in this city several years ago, a small church which had long drawn a portion of its support from the Home Missionary Society. The executive officers of that Society said that it was a waste of money to continue it, and besides that church could easily be united with a comparatively strong church scarcely three-quarters of a mile distant. But the church declined to die. A good brother—I will name him to his honor,—Rev. Ben F. Sargent went to the rescue of that church, and before a year had passed, besides supporting itself it gave \$100 as its annual offering to the Society which had declined to aid it. That church exists no longer. After the great calamity of seven years ago the Third Church, which in the days of Bro. Rader's pastorate, had a larger audience, I suppose, than any other Congregational Church in the city,—was deprived of both its pastor and its house of worship. The union which had been talked about before the disaster, was now consummated and the Mission Church was born. But the united congregation was not as large as that of the small church had been under Mr. Sargent's pastorate. And this, as I understand, was still the case after the new fine house of worship was dedicated, until the present pastor arrived.

It is difficult to conceive of a union of two churches more reasonable than this one, or more likely to result in a church much stronger than either of them was before. And I look hopefully to see the Mission Church become strong, active, beneficent, spiritual—not because of the union, but because of the pastor whose coming at this juncture seems to me to be a veritable God-send. They have a nucleus,—not large but good—and remember, if my hope is ever fulfilled it will be under the law which, as I hold, all our strong churches have become such,—that is,

the law of growth from small to large, from weak to strong.

I do not doubt that a multitude of villages in our country have been over churchied. I rejoice in the rising tide of real unity among churches of different names, which is uniting these churches and removing this offense against Christian charity and the one Kingdom of God. But San Francisco is not overchurchied. It is sadly underchurchied; not but that the supply is equal to the demand, but that it does not approach to being equal to the need. We need more ministers,—the right men in the right places; we need more of the spirit which not only in a few instances holds in close attention the great congregation, but also that which goes out into the highways and hedges and compels men by force of love, of tact, of witnessing power,—compels the people to come and feed on the bread which came down from heaven, the Son of God and Son of Man. What if we who in one sphere or another are doing this. cannot attract large congregations, shall we be silenced on this account? I shall never forget the sage but surprising advice given to us ministers by a rather self-confident layman many years ago at a District Association meeting held at Clayton under the shadow of Mt. Diablo—"I don't see why you ministers should preach to so few people. Preach as Henry Ward Beecher preaches, and your churches will be filled just as his is filled." Simple and easy; was it not? But, alas, Beechers and Browns and Akeds do not grow on every bush, are not born into every household, are not graduated in every seminary class. Give us who are not Beechers a chance. We could not hold the crowd even though we had it to start with. Maybe we could not reach the crowd with any real power even if it would listen to us. But we can make ourselves felt in our lowlier spheres and when there are enough of us and we are pulling together we can make even hell to tremble. Thank God that there are men, true men, strong men, men that win souls, who are willing to minister to small churches, and thank God there are small churches willing to accept their service and to labor with them for the furtherance of the gospel. "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."

W. C. P.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

Rev. Joseph Rowell.

How We Lived, at First, in Panama.

It seemed almost a crime to ask a nice young woman to go and live in such a dirty hole, but she was willing to go, knowing that hardships awaited her, yet quite unable to appreciate them. She will tell her own story in this article. A cooking stove, canned food, etc., were on the way, around the Horn, in a sailing ship, but for five months and more we had to starve, or live on such wretched stuff as Panama's meager market supplied. To one used to home luxuries it was hard to choose between the two.

Another story is not out of place here. We had to endure much from the ignorance, superstition and malice of those semi-heathen mongrels, but the vilest trick ever played on us was that of a New York merchant. Planning to indulge, for once, in a little luxury, I ordered a box of pineapple cheese. After months of anticipation, as it made its way around the Horn, we received, in a sound box, four rat-eaten, rotten cheeses, which that scoundrel in New York had expressly packed for those helpless missionaries in a far off land. The undamaged box showed

that the mischief was not done by rats on the ship. So-called Christian men are sometimes viler than the heathen know how to be.

After a year's sojourn in that barren land the young woman went home to recruit, so worn out and reduced in flesh that her friends would not have known her, meeting her as a stranger. But let her tell her own story:

I have been fully as well, since that second attack I spoke of before. It was merely an acclimating fever, the doctor says.

You must not think too much of any privations we are compelled to undergo. We get along quite nicely. I have had a strip of pork—nearly two pounds, costing six dimes, which supplies us with lard. Twice we have dined on beans, which I relished much, and tried to fancy an accompaniment of brown bread.

I have not informed you of our new cooking establishment. It consists of a shelf—(this was on the sill of an unglazed window)—and stones piled up as to make a furnace, which I use almost altogether for cooking. My tin pan (almost her only cooking utensil—she had before told of its many uses in preparing a single meal) holds out yet, so I get along bravely. I hope you will not think I am become a heathen, making Pan my god. In fact I shall be very glad to substitute the tea-kettle, pot and frying-pan for it when occasion offers. I supposed you would wish me to speak rather minutely of our circumstances here. Really, if I had everything I would like, I should not feel worthy to be counted among missionaries. I certainly am not unhappy. We feel, among what may seem to you privations, that only one thing is wanting, and that is the power of God's Spirit, both on our own souls and the souls of the people. Foreigners resident here have come only to make money. This they plainly avow. A few of them attend our services regularly, and some give heed to the preached word.

This place is very sickly now. There are many cases of yellow fever and cholera. I see the dead carried by our window daily, and we do not see one-half of such, for we live in a retired corner of the city. Those that I see come from the calaboose or barracks, and are borne on the shoulders of four soldiers, chained together, two and two. One goes by just now, just as he died, his bare feet sticking out of the open coffin, an old palm leaf hat on his head. They just dig a shallow grave, dump the body into it, and bring back the box for another occupant. Yesterday two of these chain-gangs met before my window, set down their loads, and had a merry chat and laugh, and passed on, as if they were doing anything else but carrying a dead body away for burial.

Many of them die very suddenly. While we were out at the cemetery the body of a Frenchman was brought in who was doing business on the street an hour and a half before. I feel no fear, though we are somewhat exposed as Mr. R. visits the hospital daily. The plague is mostly confined to foreigners who are much exposed as they are passing through. I often think of the psalm sung by the High Street choir, when we were married:

"Upward I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour," etc., etc.

We must be content to do without many things, and you

must be contented to have us do without them. If contentment be ours, we shall have enough.

She who wrote the above was a blessed helper in a hard field, and what she endured here had, doubtless, much to do in making her life a short one. It is an unspeakable privilege to be partakers of the afflictions (not sufferings, as our translators render the word) of Christ, and she had her full share of these, for which she is not sorry now.

Among the Churches.

Oakland, Olivet.—Rev. E. J. Singer, the acting pastor, welcomed three persons into the fellowship of the church on Sunday, July the 7th, one on confession.

Claremont.—The Claremont church has instituted a series of open-air vesper services on the Sundays of July in the Greek Theatre of the college. Already Rev. Robert Freeman of the First Presbyterian church and Rev. D. F. Fox of the First Congregational church, Pasadena, have preached. The meetings have been splendidly attended and have fully justified the departure. A chorus choir of twenty-five voices and an orchestra of fifteen pieces lead the music. Another year it is hoped to extend the length of the series.

Ceres.—July 7th was a great day for the Ceres church. Eleven were received into fellowship. This was the consummation of an interest which had been growing for some time. All departments of the church work are taking on new efficiency. The C. E. has set high standards and in the effort to attain them has become one of the best in the county. The benevolences of the church now seem likely to exceed the apportionment. A bell has been provided, whose peals we enjoy. The financial ability of the church is steadily increasing. Best of all, the spiritual tone of the church is clearer, and prayer is awakening expectancy.

LEADING CHURCHES AT PASADENA UNITE IN UNION SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES FOR THE SUMMER.

One of the Pasadena daily papers reported as follows a union church service, on July the 7th, of Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Congregationalists:

"At All Saints Episcopal church last evening there was a significant union meeting attended by as many members of the First Presbyterian, First Congregational and Episcopalian churches, uniting in holding the meeting, as could be comfortably placed in the edifice, with the addition of others of the city greatly interested in the series of meetings being held.

"Pastors of the churches and other leaders in Christian work were in places of honor, and Rev. Leslie E. Learned, rector of the church, after conducting the impressive opening service, spoke cordial words of welcome.

"The sermon of the evening was delivered by Dr. Daniel F. Fox, pastor of the First Congregational church. He prefaced his address with a warm appreciation of the gracious welcome and said the hearts of all concerned were thrilled at the thought of a united Christendom. He prophesied that the time was at hand when all Christians would draw closer together in their work and that the last barrier of difference would be pulled down between followers of Christ. Dr. Fox also spoke appreciatively of the life

and labors of Bishop Johnson of the Episcopal church. Bishop Johnson is one of the trustees of Pomona college, founded by Congregationalists.

"Dr. Fox took as his text the last verse of Psalm 48—'This is our God.' He asked the question 'What kind of a God is He that we worship?' and gave the answer in an eloquent tribute, under three heads. First was the thought that God was just and every man would have a fair chance; second, that He was not an absentee God, but was in the world seeking to save, and third, that the best name and the truest description of God was found in the words 'Our Father.' "

Dr. Fox writes The Pacific that the union services are to be held during the summer months. He regards the arrangement as a fine illustration of how churches can co-operate in some measure at least, help solve the problem of the second service, and make a real contribution to the religious life of the community. The attendance at the services thus far has been large.

The evening the meeting was in the Congregational Church the sermon was by Dr. Robert Freeman, pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

Sunday evening, July the 14th, the meeting was in the Presbyterian Church, and the sermon was by the rector of the Episcopal Church.

Dr. Fox writes that he has noted with pleasure the stand taken by The Pacific on the subject of the unification of Christendom, and expresses the belief that in Pasadena they are making good progress in that direction.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Oberlin College has conferred on the Rev. Charles R. Brown the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The Congregational and Methodist Churches of Redwood City are holding union services each Sunday in July.

The Rev. Dr. I. C. Meserve and Mrs. Meserve of the South Pasadena Congregational church are in San Francisco for a brief vacation. Next week they will spend a few days in Yosemite.

In telling how he preached an old negro said: "It's dis a-way, boss." "Fust, Ah tells 'em w'at Ah'm gwine to tell 'em, den Ah—Ah tells 'em an' den Ah tells 'em w'at Ah've told 'em."

The Rev. Ernest E. Youtz, a graduate of Yale Divinity School in the class of 1912, has been invited to supply the pulpit of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, for two months. His first Sunday with the church will be August the 11th.

Next Sunday evening the Rev. Dr. Joseph K. Greene will speak in the First Congregational Church of Oakland on "Christ and Mahomet." The first of next week he will give two addresses at the Mt. Hermon Federate School of Missions.

The Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Walz will remain in Colorado until September. During the months of July and August Mr. Walz has charge of a Congregational and Southern Methodist church at Rye, worshipping and working together for a time. They occupy the Methodist parsonage through the yard of which runs a brook and from which they look out toward a mountain 12000 feet high, with

snow patches thereon. The location is 35 miles south of Pueblo, and at an altitude of 6,700. Mr. Walz writes that it is an ideal place for a vacation and that all are being benefitted by the change.

The Rev. Dr. John Kirby, the Methodist preacher who passed into the other life from his home in Alameda last week, had as his first work in California the supplying of the Congregational Church at Stockton in 1885. He was born in England in 1837. The California Christian Advocate says concerning him: "He was by instinct a naturalist. He knew most of the birds by name, he knew the flowers, the trees, the shrubbery and was an enthusiastic amateur geologist. One could spend hours with him in a garden of plants gathered from all parts of the world and it would be a rare chance if he did not name every one of them. He was a great lover of nature. He knew intimately much of the natural world and was a fine interpreter of it."

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THEIR CITY.

The Young Woman's Social Service Club of the First Congregational Church of Oakland is making a study of their city with the following program:

1. The Blind and the Deaf—The Science of Abolishing Misfortune.
2. The Jail and the Prison—The Tragedy of the Criminal.
3. The Juvenile Court and the Probation Officer—Saving Boys and Girls by Sympathy.
4. The Associated Charities—Making Our Emotions Wise.
5. The Social Settlement—The Art of Being Neighborly.
6. The Work of the District Nurse—Helping Sick Bodies.
7. The Fight Against Tuberculosis—Sanitation and the Changed Death Rate.
8. Saving the Babies—The Creation of Intelligent Motherhood.
9. The Foreigner—What it is to be an Immigrant.
10. The Municipal Woodyard—Charity that Lifts Up.
11. Welfare Work in Industry—How Ought Employees to Be Treated?
12. The Board of Health—Inspecting for the Public Good.
13. The County Hospital—The Last Chapter of Poverty.
14. The Public School—The New Idea of a School House.
15. Making up a Household Budget—Saving Dollars Without Knowing It.
16. The Homes of the Poor—How to Improve the Tenements.
17. The Playground—Civic Education Through Play.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Rev. Jonathan Edwards and wife of Sprague, Washington, were at Roseburg, Oregon, last week, attending the funeral of their daughter Anna, Mrs. D. Roberts, who died on the 4th of July. Their son Orville G., of Portland, was also at the funeral. The services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Burchard of the Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. Thomas F. May has closed his labors at Kellogg, Idaho, and is now residing at 1018 E. Montgomery Ave., Spokane. The people of Kellogg expressed their appreciation of their work by presenting Mr. May \$149 in money and Mrs. May with some solid silverware.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy. Emerson.

MOUNT HERMON SUMMER SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

Readers of The Pacific are again reminded that the Federate School of Missions will be held at Mount Hermon in the Santa Cruz Mountains, July 22-29. The two new mission study text-books, "China's New Day," by Dr. Isaac T. Headland, and "Mormonism, the Islam of America," by Dr. Bruce Kinney, will be used, the classes being conducted by that gifted and popular teacher of other summer schools, Mrs. D. B. Wells. At nine o'clock each morning, Mrs. Wells will also conduct a Bible Study Class, her subjects being "Bi-Kingdom Life"; "Joshua, the Man of Power"; "Job, the Man of Vicissitude"; "Isaiah, the Man with a Message"; "Jeremiah, the Man of the Hour"; "A Symposium of Methods for Bible Study."

Among other noted speakers will be Mrs. Geo. W. Coleman of Boston, President of the Council of Women for Home Missions, who will give three evening addresses, one on Mormonism, one on the Council of Women for Home Missions, and one on the Ford Hall Movement in Boston. Another evening address will be given by Mrs. M. E. Harlan, National Corresponding Secretary for the women of the Christian denomination.

Mrs. L. E. Hicks, a delightful missionary speaker, for twenty years a teacher in the Baptist College at Rangoon, Burma, will conduct the morning Young People's Hour, on the subjects, "Asia's Gift of Religions to the World"; "The Development of Asia's Gifts of Religions to the World"; "The Results of Asia's Gifts"; "The Duty of Twentieth Century Young Women Toward Asia's Religions"; "Burma's Debt to America for Education." On Saturday, July 27, the Young People's Hour will be a symposium, conducted by Mrs. Claude Kelly, Mrs. Ernest Hall, and Mrs. Eva Brand of Korea.

Saturday night there will be a general good time around a camp-fire. Each afternoon, at four o'clock, there will be a missionary reception and addresses. Thursday evening, Rev. Ng Poon Chew will speak on "The New China." Denominational rallies will be held during the week. The music of the sessions will be under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Towner of San Jose. Registration fee for the summer school is one dollar, entitling the person to a copy of each text-book, a badge, souvenir program, etc. Plan to come to Mt. Hermon for your vacation, and attend the Summer School.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Press Secretary.

WEEKLY REST DAY PETITIONS.

At this writing (Tuesday morning) not more than one-seventh of the petitions sent to all the pastors of California have been returned. If they reach the person in charge of them at your county seat by the last of this week, the county clerk will probably receive them. The indications are that many more signatures will be needed to insure a ballot. The canvassers should fill in the precinct numbers with the help of the city clerk. This is absolutely necessary.

G. L. TUFTS.

Hopes have precarious life.
They are oft blighted, withered, snapped sheer off
In vigorous growth, and turned to rottenness.
But faithfulness can feed on suffering,
And knows no disappointment.

George Eliot.

The Home.

Before God's footstool to confess

A poor soul knelt and bowed his head.

"I failed," he wailed. The Master said,
"Thou didst thy best—that is success."

—Henry Coyle.

LET'S THROW AWAY THE RUBBISH.

Not long ago a wealthy woman died in a Middle West village at an advanced age. As she left no near relatives, her property reverted at her death to a cousin, a California woman, who came on from her far Western home to take over her new possessions. She found the house, large though it was, full to overflowing with knickknacks, and useless and unlovely articles of all sorts, some of which had been in the house for more years than its late owner.

"I suppose," said the new mistress of the mansion, as she went over the great house in company with the faithful maid who had been chief "help" for many years, "I suppose Cousin Ellen had some sentiment connected with many of these broken articles which made it hard for her to give them away or destroy them. This chair, for instance," pointing to a cheap rattan rocker, whose back and seat had quite given way and whose arms and rockers were also in bad condition. "One would hardly keep such a piece of furniture unless it had some association that made it valuable."

"No," replied truthful Anne. "It wasn't for that reason she kep' it, fer she bought it second-hand to an auction sale. Same way with that washstand and them broken cups. But she couldn't bear to throw away or give away anything—that is, in the line of things. She give money—sometimes—and I don't call her near, for she done her duty by the church and the poor, as she saw it. But these things that had to be dusted and yet wan't no good to anybody she couldn't bring herself to give away."

That evening, as she sat in her room after a day of sorting and dusting and making lists, the new owner of the home wrote to her daughter in the West.

"I cannot help pitying Cousin Ellen," she said, "when I think how many years she lived in the midst of this accumulation of rubbish, wishing often, no doubt, that she could throw it away, but lacking the courage to take such a step. It is all a type to me, daughter, of mental rubbish, which too many of us keep, instead of tossing away. Don't let us keep trash, either in our houses or in our minds."

I read this wise woman's letter with interest, and it brought up a vivid picture of the kinds of mental rubbish it is possible to accumulate.

There are old grudges, first of all, which some people treasure as carefully as if such bits of mental furniture were really valuable. "I can never forgive that offense—never," is their attitude. And the years go by with the ancient grudge still cherished, embittering the spirit of the one who holds it.

All too often this bitterness, cherished unflinchingly, results in some act of revenge which ruins the whole life of the doer. But even if the hard thoughts bear no fruit in vindictive deeds, they still have taken time and energy which might have been devoted to happy memories and gracious thoughts which blossom into lovely acts. For thoughts require time. Did you ever think of that? Just as dusting furniture occupies moments of the day, so bringing out our

THE PACIFIC

thoughts and dusting them takes up our leisure. Who of us can afford to give this time to idle and unlovely imagination and reflection?

Then there are those who treasure slights—sometimes real, but more often fancied—and so cause themselves much unhappiness. Churches, societies, Sunday schools and many other organizations contain these sensitive souls, who have to be treated with the most elaborate consideration—and all because they are given to nursing their slights. "She is so sensitive you can't tell how she will take it, and she never forgets a slight," is the despairing refrain of those who have to deal with the oversensitive woman. And the greatest care is taken to prevent "hurting her feelings." But such care is usually in vain, for if she is ready to be slighted, it is easy to find an occasion for it. And having acquired the "hurt," she goes over it mentally until the trifle is magnified, in her mind, to a real insult. Sometimes she may realize that this state of mind is morbid and brings her nothing but unhappiness, but still she clings to her rubbish.

Unpleasant memories of any kind—how unwise to clutter our mental rooms with them!

Happy the man or woman who has learned to forget—forget the embarrassing moments whose recollection brings annoyance without containing any helpful lesson for the future; forget the wrong which it can do only harm to remember; forget the slight, which, after all, was probably not intentional; forget the bitterness of past trials, keeping only in memory the lessons they have taught.

There are many who will say "Amen" to all the foregoing, but who feel that grief is quite a different matter and that it is only showing a decent respect to the memory of departed friends to keep their loss constantly in mind—and in the minds of others as well.

Such people—usually the most devoted and whole-hearted folk—make themselves and every one else sad by dwelling on the dreadful side of their loved one's death, and torture themselves with vain regrets that they did not call another physician or employ another remedy that might have cured the disease. They refuse to go out, even for needed exercise, for months after their affliction, and seem to hug their burden to their hearts.

Fashion has had a share in deciding conduct at this time, and we can all remember when mourners shrouded themselves in crape and seemed to walk in a fog of melancholy. A Philadelphia woman, whose family always did the correct things, tells of the death of a little sister forty years ago. "For one year after my sister's death," she says, "our piano was locked. The parlor was dark—the outside blinds being closed. We were all dressed in deepest black, and we little ones were charged to remember that we must show respect to Anna's memory."

In the West we have never gone to such extremes in mourning fashions and everywhere today there is a tendency to discard the "inky cloak." So, for once, fashion is helping us to live sensibly. Of course this has its dangerous side. It would be sad if, in the effort not to depress others, we failed to learn the lessons that our heavenly Father would teach us by our sorrow, but surely we may take them to heart while we yet "go blithely on our business all the day."

HERMA N. CLARK.

Fair is the soul, rare is the soul

Who has kept, after youth is past,

All the art of the child, all the heart of the child,

Holding his faith at last.

—Gelett Burgess.

A HUSBAND TO A WIFE.

If I should die before you, love,

I pray you, do not keep

Your woe beyond the first few tears

The world will have you weep;

But say, "I make his heaven less

By moaning thus in dreariness."

And plant my violets white and blue

Above my place of rest,

And tend them with those dear, kind hands

I have so oft caressed,

And say: "These flowers were his last will,

And for his sake I watch them still."

And when the spring that I so loved

Shall flush the land with life,

I pray you seek my quiet grave,

But not with tears, sweet wife;

And, if the flowers in bloom shall be,

Say: "Lo! he sends his love to me."

THE GIRL WHO MAKES COMPARISONS

Eva's engagement had been announced and there followed a series of receptions and teas. It came Mary's turn to entertain for her. Mary was miserable. "I do not know how I can possibly do it," she wailed in my ear. "I haven't a thing suitable."

I looked at her in surprise. "Nothing suitable! And you with your beautiful home and linen and china."

"Yes; but the house is old. Do you think I can ask Mrs. Lewis and Grace Sturges into my parlor? Their homes are finished in the latest style and my hall and parlor have white woodwork and the carpets go clear to the baseboard."

"Your rooms are beautiful—old fashioned and elegant."

"And then my linen—" she began.

"Double demask of finest quality, and always beautifully laundered."

"But you do not grasp the difference," she continued.

"The hems on my napkins are too wide for the style of today. One does not see much drawnwork now. It is all plain hemstitching or rolled hems. After the beautiful new ones, so up to date, that Grace used I never could ask her here."

"My china is old. My grandmother brought it from England. One never sees that style any more."

What was to be gained by talking with her? The only thing there was to do was to let her wail and relieve her mind.

Her habit of making comparisons was bad enough when one was alone with her; it was almost unbearable in a crowd.

"Do I look as well as Alice does?" she would ask suddenly, sotto voice, at a party. "Just look, most of the girls have worn white. I wish I had. Does this pink look all right?" Or perhaps all the others were in colors: then the wind set from the opposite direction. "Why didn't someone tell me that everyone meant to have something gay on? I wish I'd worn my foulard. Madge has a beautiful foulard. Do you like mine as well as hers? She has real lace at the sleeves. I wish I could have had. Mine's a blue. I wish I had got a darker one, like hers. Don't you think the dark blues are pretty?"

Mary was tall and slender, as willowy as a reed and as graceful as a sylph. Her bearing was fine. One day we met a woman so exceedingly tall that she attracted attention

on the street. Mary forgot everything about the reception we were about to attend and the good time we knew we should have. "Am I as tall as that woman?" I ignored her question, but she pinched my arm and made me answer.

"Gracious, no!" I exclaimed.

"Am I as thin?"

I reassured her as far as I could. But at intervals during the afternoon she brought up the subject again.

When she saw a nice roly-poly fat little body she eyed her with envy. "I'd love to be plump. I hate to be skinny. Don't you think I'd look better if I'd gain in weight? I've done everything. I almost drink olive oil. What would you do?"

"Keep quiet and not think about it."

This remark but opened a new avenue for comparison.

"Do you think I talk too much? I don't talk as much as Jane Anders. Do you think I do? Sometimes I'd give anything if I could talk as well as Eve. I don't know, though. There are times when I should like to be silent and reticent like Josephine. Do you think—"

A bore? Of course she was. Selfish she most assuredly was. She had subjected herself to comparison until the habit had become chronic. She could see nothing but herself, and all things must be compared to herself—to her own disadvantage.

We all know Mary. Some of us perhaps are Mary and just needing to be shown up to ourselves. The revelation is not a pleasant one. No one likes to be a bore; no conscientious person means really to be selfish. The one remedy for this sort of comparison is the outgrowing thought instead of the ingrowing one. In short, think of others. Then you'll be too busy to think about yourself.

—Jean K. Baird.

CARLYLE'S RELIGION.

By Roy Temple House

(Professor In The State University Of Oklahoma)

A continental student of Thomas Carlyle calls him "the man of three centuries." Although he was not born until 1795, his little Scotch village still clung to the Puritanism of the seventeenth century, and he knew only the strictest Presbyterian influence in his early youth. Sent to school in Edinburgh, he fell for the time completely under the influence of Voltaire, and eighteenth century Rationalism. Then came the wave of Melancholy Romanticism, and Carlyle, dyspeptic and irritable, suffered and meditated suicide with the rest. But neither Deism nor morbid sentimentalism took lasting hold of him; the Carlyle that emerges from the formative period with a character permanently fixed, is better educated and more catholic in his tastes, but in other respects very little different from his rugged old mason of a father, who quit his trade because substantial houses went out of style, and his conscience would not allow him to countenance the dishonest structures men insisted on building. His son's life fully justifies the Catholic confidence in the effect of childhood training. "The thoughts of youth," says Longfellow, "are long, long thoughts."

The father is as interesting a study as the son. James Carlyle had joined the Presbyterian Church of his own deliberate impulse, after he had reached manhood; but the choice once made, he clung to it with a thorough-going devotion, that makes his life a noble example. His son re-

turns again and again to the older man's uncompromising honor. "From that time on," he says (the time of his conversation), "he was a man—gold and the guinea stamp, a man and the clothes of a man." But when he stood before his God, his heart was soft as wax. "I have seen him weep often; his voice would fail him, and his lips tremble when he read about from the Bible. Oh, when I think that the Bible was the only Book this man read, and what he drew from it for his life, I am ashamed of myself, I who have read so much and realized so little from it!"

This word which he was so fond of applying to his father—the word man—was the one which Carlyle would have chosen to have applied to himself. From beginning to end—with the exception of a dreary period of doubt which was only the temporary result of unwholesome influences on a young man's plastic mind—he was the most rugged of Calvinists; not so much in insistence on the dogma of Predestination, or any other dogma, as in temperament and attitude toward the Divine Ruler of all. God is Love, it is true—Carlyle's conversion was accomplished, he tells us, by an impulse to embrace the men he met on the street, and wipe away all tears from their eyes; but God is also the All-powerful and the Just, and true worship means the loyalty of a brave soldier to his commander. It was not sin that Carlyle was most keenly ashamed of, but weakness. and his conversion came in the form of a voice that cried within him: "Why do you wander about like a whimpering coward? Have you no heart? Can you not bear the sufferings that are put upon you? I will go to meet him (Death) and defy him."

The mature Carlyle, who has conquered and rationally made his own the traditional faith of his infancy, sees his Maker as an ever-active Force in the universe. "God is an eternal Now," he says, "an omnipresent Here." His presence in the world changes it from a dead mechanism to a living organism. "The universe is no dead-house, full of ghosts, but divine, and belongs to my Father." Our imperfect senses cannot know God directly, but everything we see is symbolical of Him. Men may make light of the sacraments of the Church, but mere words are colorless and meaningless beside these vivid symbols of His being and presence.

It was to be expected that so serious and intense a character would make his religion a feature of his every-day life. The England of his maturity was in sad need of industrial and social reform. The period of general peace which followed the bursting of the Napoleonic bubble, had resulted in the accumulation of great wealth in the hands of a few captains of industry, but the poor were daily growing poorer. Working-men were not yet organized, and no labor laws existed to protect them. The primary purpose of Carlyle's "French Revolution" was to remind England that if she continued to abuse the working classes, a like fate might easily befall her. "Past and Present" is a terrible arraignment of the rich who are guilty of the blood of the poor. Here he preaches the doctrine of a literal compensation. He tells of a poor widow, who goes around from factory to factory, seeking work to provide bread for herself and her hungry children. But her prayer is unheard, and the wretched family die at last of the hunger typhus. The germs rise from the cellars of the dead, and float into the rooms of the heartless employers of labor. They at least have this in common with the poor creatures they neglect and abuse, that they can die of the same dis-

ease. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. "The great Soul of the world is just!" he cries again and again.

Physical nature, Carlyle sees clearly, is the expression of an ethical will. "Replenish the earth," the command came to Adam, "and subdue it. Man is set the task of learning the laws of nature, that he may rule over nature. Now and then a man is born who seems divinely appointed as a leader, and the evidence of his appointment is a keener insight into the natural laws, whose observance is success and conquest. These men are the heroes whom Carlyle is so fond of lauding. And these heroes, being no more exempt from law than others, but, on the contrary, following law more carefully and intelligently, are men who believe; for belief is the only healthy state of mind. Only the believer can accomplish results; and even one believer is well-nigh helpless without others who believe. Selfish work is vain and idle. Union, and naught else, is strength; and union can be effected only by the self-sacrifice of individuals. Love of your neighbor is a social necessity.

"He who saveth his life shall lose it." Carlyle calls his doctrine "the Gosepl of Work;" and by work he means not the feverish self-seeking that is too apt to characterize our age and country, but earnest effort for the uplifting of the race. This seventy-fifth anniversary of the appearance of his noblest work, the passionate appeal for the common people, which bears the somewhat arbitrary title, "The French Revolution," might well be made an occasion for study of this prophet's special message. The message is being heard of late years in many quarters; but it must be repeated and enlarged upon again and again.

Our Young People

ETHEL'S DARNING BALLS.

When Ethel came home from school, she saw her mother sitting in the bay window, mending, with the big basket on a chair beside her. Ethel frowned. "O dear!" she said. "I forgot it was Wednesday afternoon, and I told May that p'raps I'd be over."

"Hurry up, Ethel!" May called from across the street. "Ask your mamma."

Ethel turned and shook her head. "Can't come," said she. "I know its Wednesday afternoon, and I must darn my stockings."

She came in and hung up her hat, and got a cookie to eat, and washed her hands and face, and was so long getting round to the sitting-room that at last mamma called, "Isn't my little girl coming to help me this afternoon?"

Then Ethel came in, and sitting down rather hard in her little rocker, took up the pretty, red darning-bag mamma had made her.

"I just hate to darn!" she said. "Over one and under one, over one and under one, just like we used to do in the kindergarten" (Ethel was ten, and had left the kindergarten very far behind), "and all black and ugly, too."

"Well," mamma said, smiling pleasantly, "if it would make it any more interesting, you might make your threads yellow one way, and blue the other, in that biggest hole."

Ethel laughed at the idea of a blue and yellow darn in her black stockings, and when she was done laughing, her frown was gone. She put her hand down in the bag,

and brought out her thimble and ball of darning-cotton, and then she reached in again for her darning-gourd.

A puzzled look came into her face as she felt for it.

"Why, what's in here instead of my gourd?" she asked, and then drew out a big orange.

Mamma looked as surprised as could be. "Why, that's strange," said she, "but I think I should like a ball I could eat afterward."

"Well," said Ethel, "I do, too."

She slipped the orange into the first stocking. How the bright colors shone through the holes!

Ethel darned away at her best rate, and after a little, the bright spots were closed and the orange rolled out and slipped down into another stocking, and by and by another, and still another, and at last two pairs of stockings were neatly rolled up and put away.

"Now, we'll eat the darning-ball," said Ethel, gaily, as she peeled it. Mamma said she had eaten one just before Ethel came home, and it was all for her.

"I knew you put it there," Ethel said.

"Did you, really?" mamma said, laughing.

The next Wednesday Ethel was not slow in coming to her darning, and the first thing she felt down in her bag to see what her ball would be. This time it was a shiny red apple, and the next Wednesday it was a lemon, which, when it had served its purpose as a ball, Ethel made into lemonade.

Another time it was a green pomegranate, and she learned how to break it open and pick out the pretty red seeds to eat.

All through the fall there was some new kind of ball every week, and Ethel looked forward to Wednesday afternoon all the week.

The darning was not such bad work, either, when, instead of pouting and grumbling, she talked with mamma about all sorts of pleasant things. She did some thinking, too, and one day she gave mamma a surprise.

She had just eaten a big russet pear, which had been her darning ball, and she put her arms around mamma's neck and gave her a good kiss, and said, "I guess I'm ready for my old gourd again, now, mamma."

Mamma shook her head. "No," she said. "I gave your gourd to Mrs. Perry's baby for a rattle, and when they went home, he cried to have it, so I gave it to him. I think you'll have to get along with oranges and apples for a while yet."

Mamma spoke soberly, but her eyes were laughing, and so Ethel was not very much surprised at Christmas to find in her stocking a beautifully polished wooden darning-ball with a little bundle. The ball unscrewed in the middle, and inside it was all lined with velvet, and made a cunning nest for a beautiful silver thimble, with "Ethel" engraved on the rim.—Exchange.

The tourist lady announced to a surprised audience in a London boarding house that her husband had written to say that he was going to buy an automobile. "I don't know whether he'll go in for a towering car or a running-around," said the voluble lady. "But one thing is certain, we'll have our own garbage."

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll.

—Henry van Dyke.

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